

MARVEL

64

LGY#865

**KING'S
RANSOM**

**SPENCER
VICENTINI
SINCLAIR**

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



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PETER PARKER was bitten by a radioactive spider and gained the proportional speed, strength, and agility of a SPIDER, adhesive fingertips and toes, and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! After the tragic death of his Uncle Ben, Peter understood that with great power there must also come great responsibility. He became the crimefighting super hero called...

The Amazing SPIDER-MAN

KING'S RANSOM *Part Two*

Peter is rocking a new high-tech suit courtesy of *Threats & Menaces*. The suit allows *TNM* subscribers to watch the world through Spidey's eyes, sending subscriptions through the roof. Spidey has been dealing with a spike in super-villain activity thanks to NYC mayor Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin, who's seeking the pieces of the powerful Lifeline Tablet. Peter and his roommate, "reformed villain" Fred Myers, A.K.A. Boomerang, have been trying to keep the pieces out of Kingpin's hands. So Kingpin assembled a cabal of villains to distract Spidey and Boomerang while he schemes behind the scenes with Baron Mordo!

Meanwhile, Peter's other roommate, Randy Robertson, rekindled his relationship with criminal Janice Lincoln, A.K.A. the Beetle-- which outraged their fathers, archenemies Robbie Robertson and Lonnie Lincoln, A.K.A. Tombstone. Madame Masque and the Crime Master ambushed Randy and Janice at Peter's apartment and were holding them hostage when Peter and Fred returned. A fight ensued, and the apartment was blown open!

NICK SPENCER
writer

FEDERICO VICENTINI
artist



ALEX SINCLAIR | **colorist** VC's JOE CARAMAGNA | **letterer**
MARK BAGLEY, JOHN DELL, and EDGAR DELGADO | **cover artists**
CARLOS PACHECO, RAFAEL FONTERIZ, and RACHELLE ROSENBERG
variant cover artists

ANTHONY GAMBINO | **designer** LINDSEY COHICK | **assistant editor**
NICK LOWE | **editor** C.B. CEBULSKI | **editor in chief**

SPIDER-MAN **created by** STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO



SPEAK.

I KNOW I'VE
BEEN QUIET
LATELY.

I SUPPOSE
I JUST HAVEN'T
FOUND THE
RIGHT WORDS.



SPEEEAAK....

AND I UNDERSTAND...
YOU DON'T LIKE HOW
I LEFT THINGS.

BUT THAT'S NO
REASON TO BE ANGRY.
THEN AGAIN--



--I SUPPOSE
I'M NOT ONE
TO TALK.



SPEAK!



FISK, WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING?!

RRRRRAAARRRRGGHHH!

GETTING RESULTS, DIRECTOR OSBORN.
APOLOGIES FOR ALL THE NOISE.



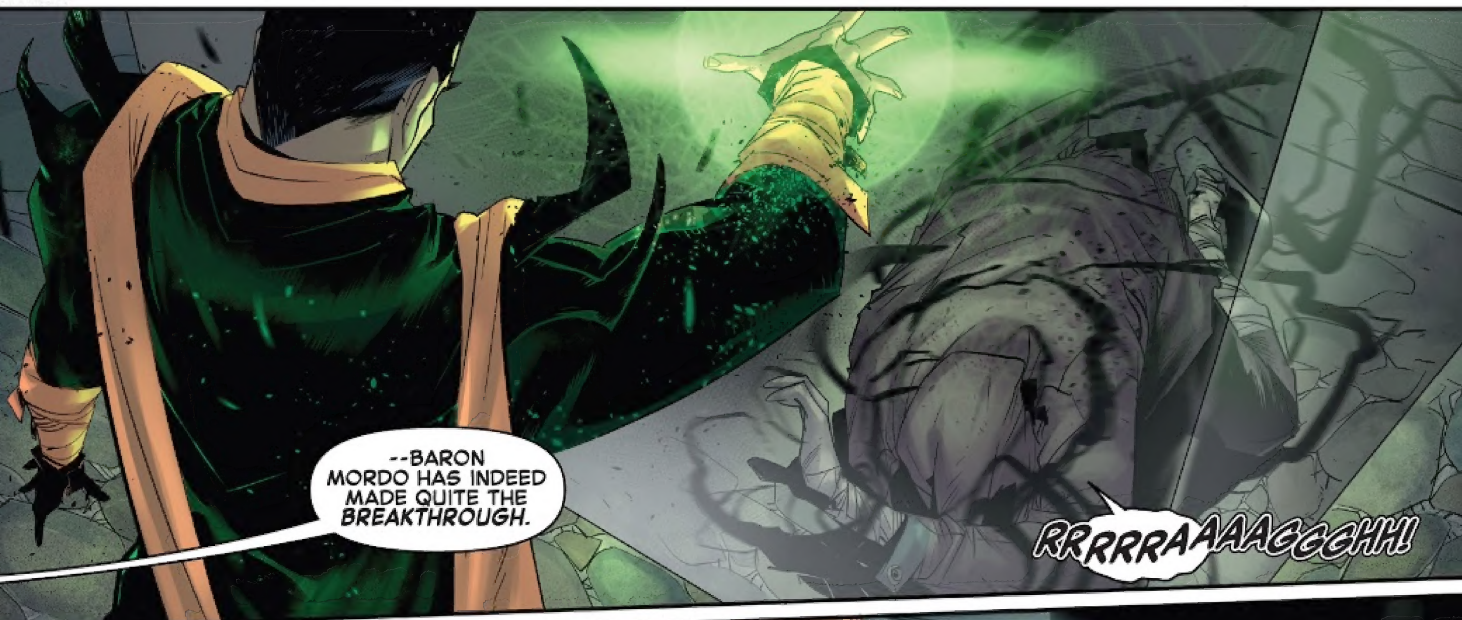
WE HAD A DEAL, WILSON. THIS IS MY PATIENT--

HM, YES...



BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE DOING VERY WELL UNDER YOUR CARE, NORMAN. WE'RE NOT SEEING THE PROGRESS HE DESERVES.

SO I BROUGHT IN A SPECIALIST FOR THIS VERY SPECIAL CASE. AND AS YOU CAN HEAR--



--BARON MORDO HAS INDEED MADE QUITE THE BREAKTHROUGH.

RRRRRAAAAGGGHHH!



THIS ISN'T WHAT WE AGREED TO. IF YOU HARM HIM--

"IF," DIRECTOR? NEED I REMIND YOU--



--IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF "WHEN."



AND NOW THAT WE'VE FINALLY OPENED A LINE OF COMMUNICATION, I SUSPECT WE WON'T HAVE MUCH LONGER TO WAIT AT ALL.



HE'S RIGHT ABOUT THAT PART, AT LEAST.

SOON ENOUGH--

--WE'LL ALL
FIND OURSELVES
IN OUR OWN
LITTLE HELLS.

AW, NO...
NO, NO,
NO...





YOU'LL WHAT?!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, ROBBIE! YOU NEVER WAS ONE FOR FIGHTING.



IS THAT RIGHT? I SEEM TO REMEMBER OUR LAST DUSTUP GOING DIFFERENTLY. MAYBE WE CAN FIND A PITCHFORK SOMEWHERE, HAVE A LITTLE REMATCH.*

I'M NOT A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER LIKE YOU, LINCOLN, THAT'S TRUE-- BUT IF YOU'VE TOUCHED ONE HAIR ON RANDY'S HEAD--

*THE ORIGINAL MATCH TOOK PLACE WAAAAAAY BACK IN THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #157! --NL



OH, LAY OFF IT! I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' TO YOUR BOY--MUCH AS I WOULD'VE LIKED TO WHEN I FOUND OUT HE WAS FOOLIN' AROUND WITH MY LITTLE PRINCESS!

YOU THINK I WAS THRILLED ABOUT THAT MYSELF?! I TOLD HIM TO STAY AWAY FROM HER. SAID SHE WAS NOTHING BUT A VICIOUS CROOK LIKE HER OLD MAN--

HEY, WATCH IT-- I MEAN, THANK YOU.



I TRIED TO WARN HIM IT WAS ONLY A MATTER TIME BEFORE--

YOU REALLY THINK I DID THIS?! LOOK AROUND, SMART GUY--THEY TOOK MY JANICE TOO!



EVEN IF IT WASN'T YOU, I BET YOU'RE WRAPPED UP IN IT SOMEHOW-- DIRTY MOB BUSINESS.

OH YEAH? OR MAYBE SOMEBODY ELSE IN MY "DIRTY MOB BUSINESS" GOT TIRED OF YOU SNOOPIN' AROUND AND DECIDED TO GO AFTER YOUR KID AS PAYBACK--

OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH!



THWEP

THWEP



--WELL, THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER STORY.

HOURS AGO

MAKE SURE YOU'RE JUST SET TO STUN!

FA-THEEW
FA-THEEW

FA-THEEW

FA-THEEW
FA-THEEW

WHICH IS VERY NICE OF THEM.

FRED, GET BACK!

NO, PETE, WAIT, I CAN TAKE 'EM! I'LL PROTECT YOU--

AND WEIRDLY ENOUGH--

THUNCH

--I KINDA HAD THE SAME IDEA.

UNFF

FA-THEEW

FA-THEEW

FA-THEEW

FA-THEEW

HATE TO DO THAT TO FRED, BUT WITH HIM OUT LIKE A LIGHT--

--I CAN DO A QUICK COSTUME CHANGE WHILE I'M OUT OF SIGHT.

RR
NNNNNN

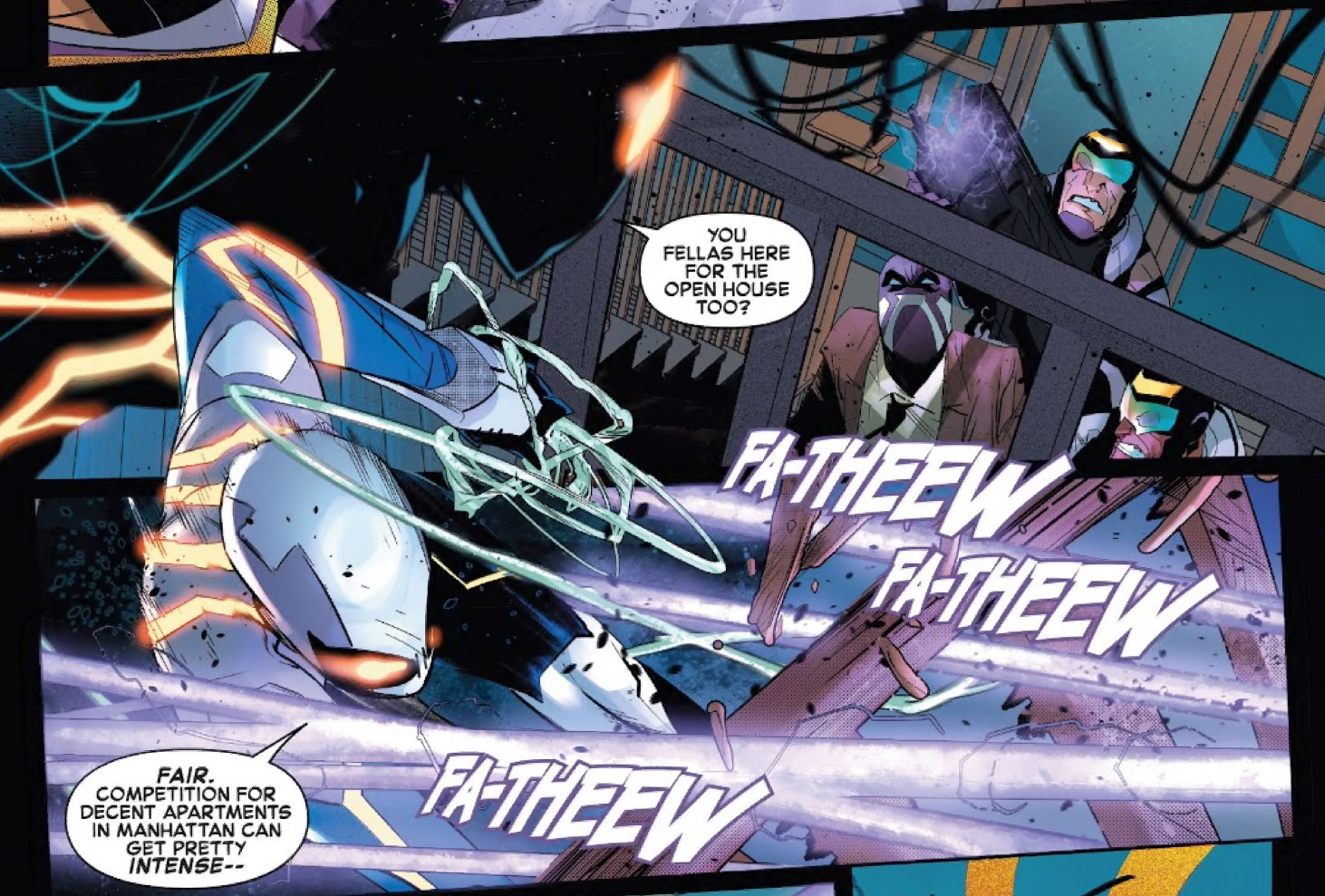
VERY QUICK, THANKS TO THE NEW UNSTABLE MOLECULES MAKING UP MY SUIT.

BEATS CHANGING IN AN ALLEYWAY, I GOTTA ADMIT.



WHERE'D THEY GO?

YOU MEAN THE PREVIOUS TENANTS? LOOKS LIKE THEY BOLTED.



YOU FELLAS HERE FOR THE OPEN HOUSE TOO?

FA-THEEW
FA-THEEW

FAIR. COMPETITION FOR DECENT APARTMENTS IN MANHATTAN CAN GET PRETTY INTENSE--

FA-THEEW



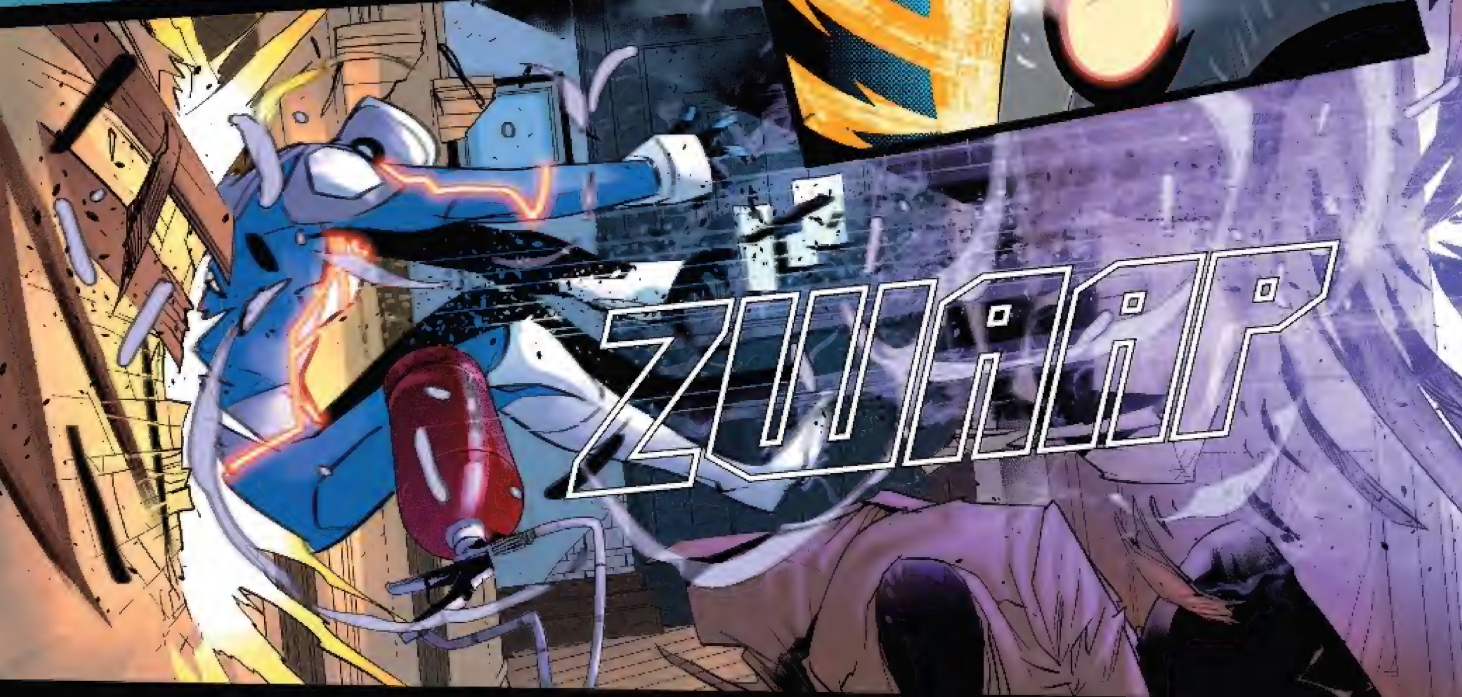
THWEP

--BUT AT LEAST SIGN THE LEASE BEFORE YOU TRASH THE PLACE! THAT'S MY--

FA-THEEW



--POLICY.



HER ON THE
OTHER HAND--
MADAME
MASQUE--

--SHE'S
A HEAVY
HITTER.

LET'S
GO.

3NNF I'D
LOVE TO--
BUT I SEEM
TO BE
STUCK.

ONLY FOR
THE TIME
BEING.

NO. TEMPTING,
BUT IT WOULD ONLY
COMPLICATE
THINGS.

WE STICK TO
THE PLAN.

PLAN?
WHAT--

OH. THAT
PLAN.

ONE
EXPLOSIVE
CHARGE--



--TWO
HOSTAGES--



--I
WAS STILL
STUCK.

C'MON.
SPIEY. THIS
SUIT'S GIVING
YOU A LITTLE
MORE
POWER--



--USE
IT!



FWASH

HURRY
UP, IDIOT.
THEY'RE
GETTING--



--AND A
COUPLE SEMI-
TRIUMPHANT
BADDIES
LATER--



--AWAY.







--WE ALL NEED SOMEBODY TO HELP US SOMETIMES.

I HAVE SO MANY QUESTIONS.

YEAH, ME TOO.

LIKE WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WHEN SPIDER-MAN FINDS US AND KICKS YOUR SORRY ##%&?!

HONEEEEEY, PLEASE--

YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME IN FRONT OF THE KIDNAPPERS.

I APOLOGIZE. THIS IS ALL A LITTLE NEW TO HIM. HE'S A CIVILIAN.

WHICH, I KNOW, I KNOW, NOT THE BEST IDEA IN OUR PROFESSION. BUT-- WELL, THE HEART WANTS WHAT IT WANTS, RIGHT?

BY THE WAY, SPEAKING OF UNLIKELY PAIRINGS, I HAVE TO ASK...



CRIME MASTER? REALLY?

I WOULD'VE THOUGHT IF YOU WERE FORMING ALLIANCES, YOU MIGHT HAVE LOOKED TO PAIR UP WITH ANOTHER WOMAN.

I MEAN, I'M NOT TRYING TO QUESTION YOUR CHOICES, HE'S JUST-- A BIT OF A JOURNEYMAN.

OH FOR GOD'S SAKE!



ENOUGH!

YOU HAVE GOT TO BE THE MOST MADDENINGLY IRRITATING HOSTAGE I HAVE EVER TAKEN!

WOW, WELL, EXCUSE ME FOR THINKING YOU MIGHT SEE THE MUTUAL BENEFITS OF A MENTORSHIP--

YOU'RE OF PLENTY BENEFIT, GIRL.



THE TWO OF YOU REPRESENT QUITE THE **WINDFALL** FOR US, I'M HAPPY TO REPORT.



WELL, YOU GUYS ARE OUTTA LUCK. I AM COMPLETELY OUT OF THE LOOP ON FRED AND PETE'S WHOLE **TABLET SCAVENGER HUNT** THING.

WE DON'T CARE ABOUT THE **TABLET**.

WAIT--YOU DON'T?



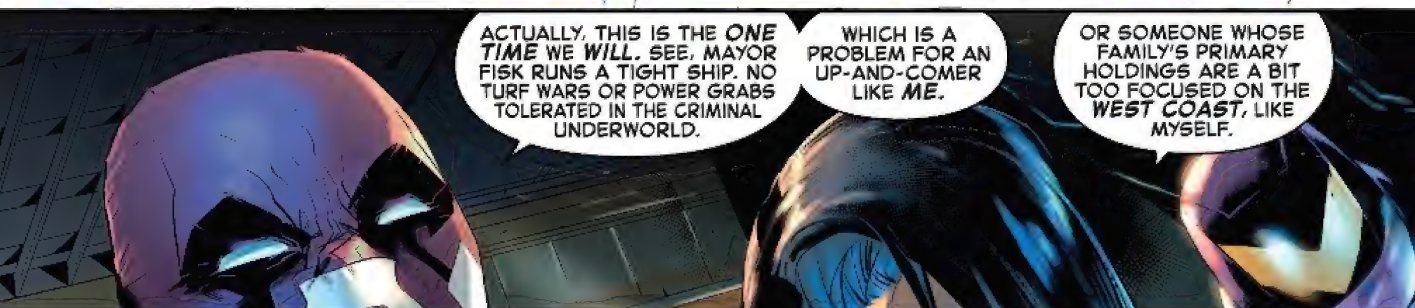
DID YOU ALL NOT NOTICE WE WEREN'T EXACTLY **BOTHERED** THAT WE DIDN'T GET TO NAB YOUR PAL **BOOMERANG** BACK AT YOUR APARTMENT?

WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN THE **KINGPIN'S PRIZE**-- WE'RE INTERESTED IN THE **CHAOS** IT INCITES.

OOH, TELL ME MORE.



I MEAN-- YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!



ACTUALLY, THIS IS THE **ONE TIME** WE WILL. SEE, MAYOR **FISK** RUNS A TIGHT SHIP. NO TURF WARS OR POWER GRABS TOLERATED IN THE CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD.

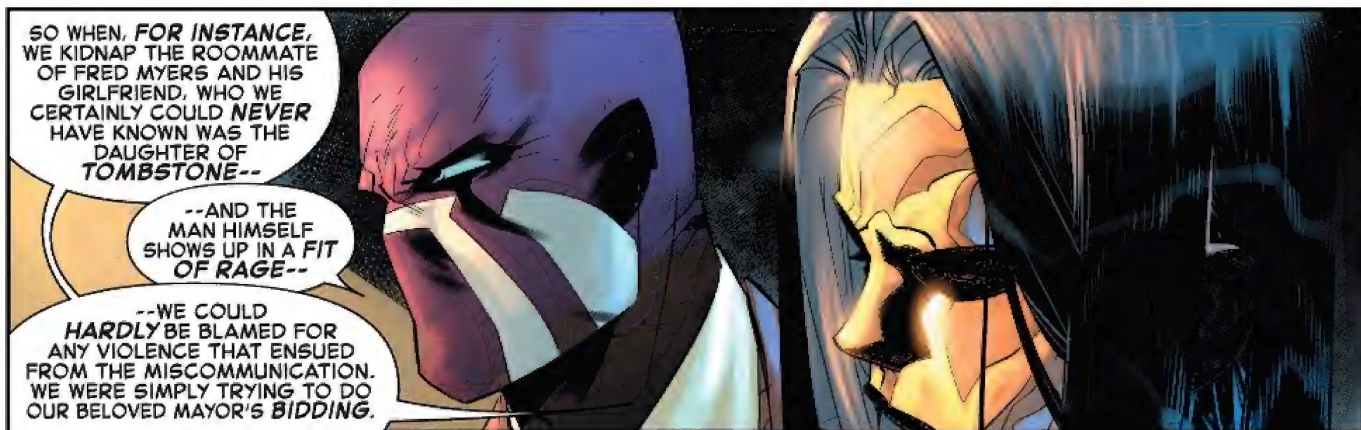
WHICH IS A PROBLEM FOR AN UP-AND-COMER LIKE ME.

OR SOMEONE WHOSE FAMILY'S PRIMARY HOLDINGS ARE A BIT TOO FOCUSED ON THE **WEST COAST**, LIKE MYSELF.



BUT NOW THAT THE **KINGPIN** IS LETTING **EVERYBODY** IN ON THE CHASE, COMPETITIVE SPIRITS ARE GONNA RUN HIGH AND ALL.

AND WITH THEM, CONSIDERABLY MORE PERMISSIVENESS WHEN IT COMES TO **BLOODSHED**.



SO WHEN, FOR INSTANCE, WE KIDNAP THE ROOMMATE OF FRED MYERS AND HIS GIRLFRIEND, WHO WE CERTAINLY COULD NEVER HAVE KNOWN WAS THE DAUGHTER OF **TOMBSTONE**--

--AND THE MAN HIMSELF SHOWS UP IN A FIT OF RAGE--

--WE COULD HARDLY BE BLAMED FOR ANY VIOLENCE THAT ENSUED FROM THE MISCOMMUNICATION. WE WERE SIMPLY TRYING TO DO OUR BELOVED MAYOR'S BIDDING.



AND AS FOR LINCOLN'S TERRITORIES PAST 125TH STREET--WELL, OF COURSE WE'D BE WILLING TO STEP IN AND KEEP THINGS RUNNING SMOOTHLY.

WE ARE NOTHING IF NOT TEAM PLAYERS.

HE WOULD'VE WANTED IT THAT WAY.



LIKewise, IF THE NEWSPAPER-OWNING FATHER OF THE ROOMMATE IN QUESTION DIED.

NEW OWNERSHIP MIGHT LOOK KINDER ON OUR CIVIC EFFORTS.

UH, OKAY, BUT--AND I MEAN NO DISRESPECT HERE--ONE SMALL PROBLEM--

YEAH. OUR DADS HAVE NO IDEA WHERE WE ARE.



AN INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST AND AN ENTERPRISING MOB BOSS?

I'M PRETTY SURE THEY CAN FIGURE IT OUT IF THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.



HH--OUR DADS? PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER?

YOU REALLY SHOULD'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK THERE.



UH-UH.
NOPE.
NO WAY!



MIRAGE--**DESMOND**--
COME ON. I'M JUST
LOOKING FOR A LITTLE
INFORMATION.

THAT'S ALL
YOU'RE **EVER**
LOOKING FOR! I
TOLD YOU, I
GOT **IDEAS**!

WHO
WOULDN'T WANT A
REGULAR **OPINION**
COLUMN FROM A
WORKING SUPER
VILLAIN, ROBERTSON?
WHAT ABOUT OUR
SIDE OF THE
STORY?!

I'LL
CONSIDER IT.
BUT RIGHT
NOW--



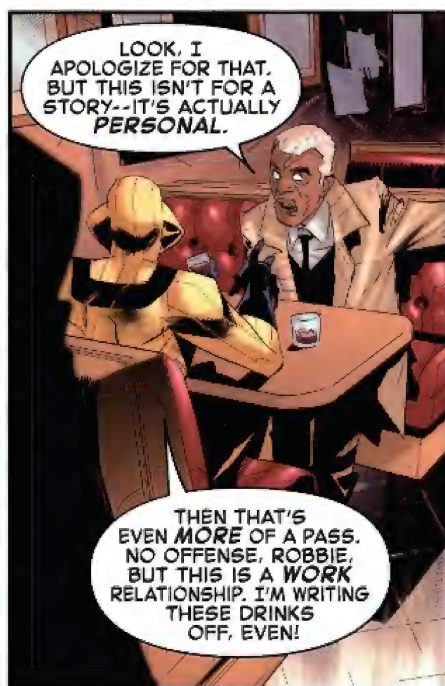
RIGHT NOW,
NOTHING! THE LAST
TIME I TALKED TO YOU,
YOU ALMOST GOT ME
KILLED! FOR A
THIRD TIME!

WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
WE DIDN'T NAME
YOU IN THAT STORY!



"A SOURCE
CLOSE TO THE OWL'S
OPERATIONS"?! HEY,
HERE'S A NEWSFLASH
FOR YA--THE GUY ONLY
HAD TWO HENCHMEN AT
THE TIME, AND THE OTHER
ONE WAS **DEATH**
ADDER--

--**WHO**
DOESN'T
EVEN TALK!



LOOK, I
APOLOGIZE FOR THAT.
BUT THIS ISN'T FOR A
STORY--IT'S ACTUALLY
PERSONAL.

THEN THAT'S
EVEN **MORE** OF A PASS.
NO OFFENSE, ROBBIE,
BUT THIS IS A **WORK**
RELATIONSHIP. I'M WRITING
THESE DRINKS
OFF, EVEN!



NOW, SEE, DESMOND,
THAT'S WHAT YOU
DON'T WANT
TO DO--

--YOU'D
RATHER BE
TALKING TO ME
THAN **HIM**.

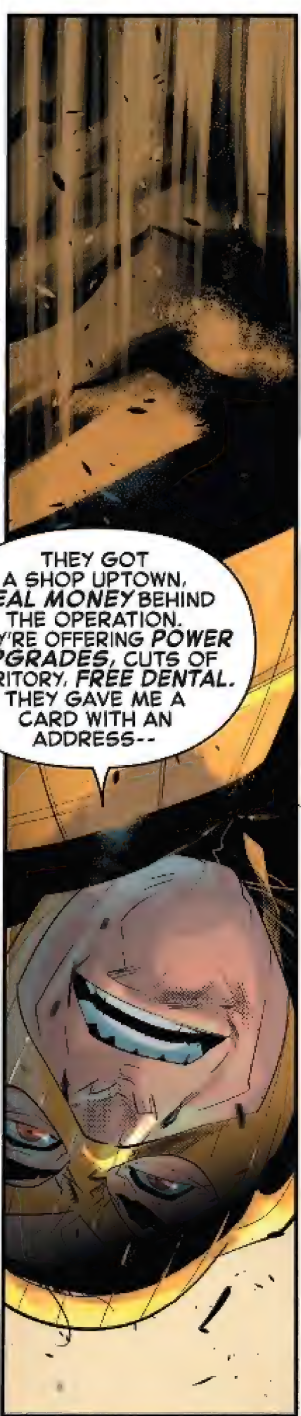


WAIT!
I'LL TALK!



VERY
GLAD TO
HEAR IT.

I'D DO
IT FAST
THOUGH.



THEY GOT
A SHOP UPTOWN.
REAL MONEY BEHIND
THE OPERATION.
THEY'RE OFFERING **POWER
UPGRADES**, CUTS OF
TERRITORY, **FREE DENTAL**.
THEY GAVE ME A
CARD WITH AN
ADDRESS--



GOD, I
HOPE IT DIDN'T
JUST FALL
OUT OF MY
POCKET.



DO I HAVE
THE RIGHT
BUILDING?



NO, THIS IS
DEFINITELY
THE SPOT.

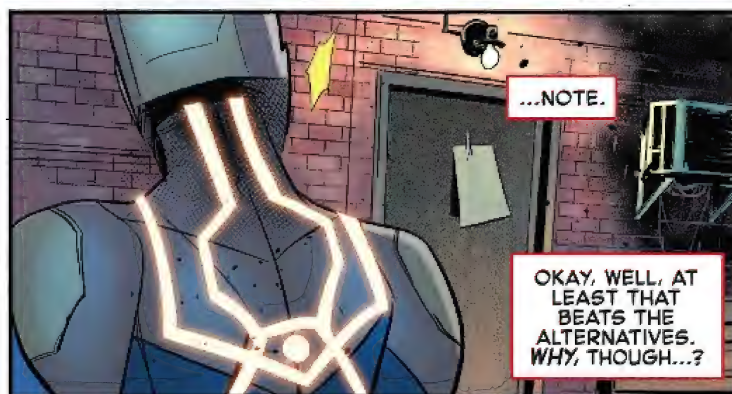
BUT--



--NO FRED.



I PUT HIM UP HERE WHILE
HE WAS STILL KNOCKED
OUT, AND NOW HE'S GONE
WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A--




...NOTE.

OKAY, WELL, AT
LEAST THAT
BEATS THE
ALTERNATIVES.
WHY, THOUGH...?



DON'T NEED
SPIDER-SENSE TO GET
THE FEELING IT'S
NOTHING GOOD.

Dear
Pete--



Looks like we got lucky and our pal, Spider-Man, rescued us, huh? That's a relief--

--but I can't keep counting on luck anymore.

Truth is, I've had a lot of it lately.

Meeting you and becoming the best friend you've ever had, for instance.

I can feel it starting to run out now though.

Don't get me wrong, I've loved this whole adventure, finding the tablet with Spidey--

--but more and more, I'm putting the people I care about in danger.

Sweet Aunt May, Gog, now Randy-- enough is enough.

God forbid something happened to you, Pete, the most helpless and powerless of all of us. I'd never forgive myself!

So I need you to trust me on this, buddy. I've had a vision, telling me where the last fragment is. But don't you or Spidey try to find me--



NEXT:



Issue #65

Let us know how we're doing! Drop us a line at SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM!
Be sure to mark it "Okay to print"!



LIKE I SAID
BEFORE...



IT WON'T BE
LONG NOW.



WE'LL ALL
BE TOGETHER
AGAIN SOON,
AND ONCE WE
ARE...



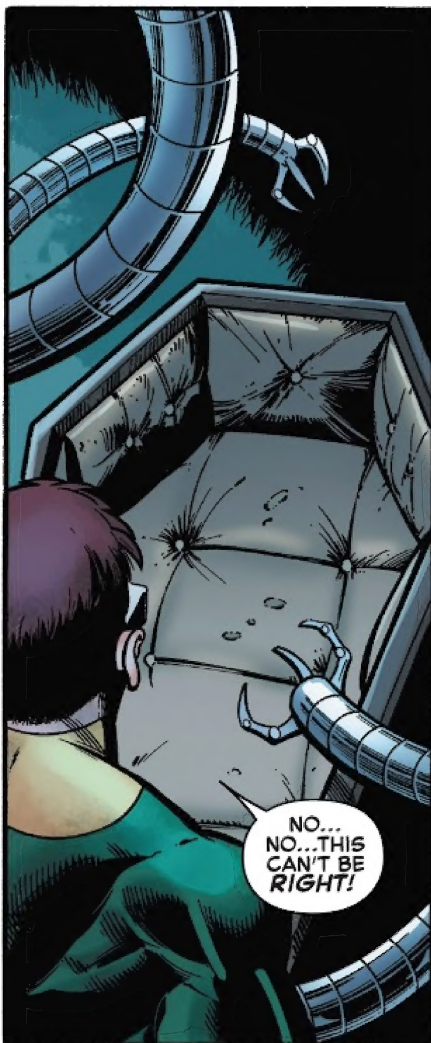
WELL, **TRUST ME**,
IT'LL BE A LITTLE
DIFFERENT FROM
LAST TIME.



ALL
THAT'S
LEFT--

--IS TO INVITE
OUR FINAL
GUESTS.





NO...
NO...THIS
CAN'T BE
RIGHT!



FOR MONTHS I'VE
BEEN SEARCHING FOR
THE ANSWERS. THE
SHADOWS AROUND
THE GAPS IN MY
MEMORY.



THEY
LED ME
HERE.



TO
ANOTHER
DEAD
END!

RELAX,
DOC--



--I
PROMISE
IT'LL MAKE
SENSE
SOON.

WHO'S
THERE?!
SHOW
YOURSELF!

I WISH
I COULD,
OTTO. BUT RIGHT
NOW YOU'LL HAVE
TO CONSIDER
THE DISTINCT
POSSIBILITY--



--THAT I
MIGHT JUST
BE A VOICE IN
YOUR HEAD.

